

ACTION PACKED STORIES

GABBY HAYES

Nº 58

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COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

GABBY HAYES

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢





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GABBY HAYES

HILL BILLY

NOT HOGGISH!



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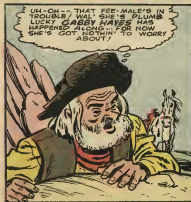
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GABBY HAYES

COULDN'T HAVE BEEN CLOSER



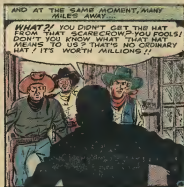
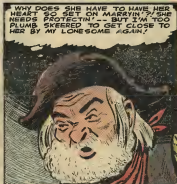
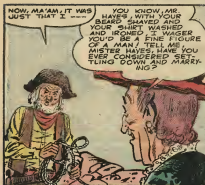
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YOU KNOW THE RUCKUS
RAISED BY OUR STEALIN'
THAT GOLD MINE MAP LAST
MONTH AND HOW THE LAW'S
BEEN NOSIN' AROUND EVER
SINCE / WELL, I SEWED
THE MAP INSIDE MY HOUSE-
KEEPER'S HAT / WITHOUT
HER KNOWIN'... FIGURIN'
TO LEAVE IT THERE TILL
EVERYTHING COOLED OFF



BUT YESTERDAY WHEN
MY HOUSEKEEPER WAS
RIDIN' ON THE TOP OF
THE STAGE, THE WIND
BLEW THE HAT FROM HER
HEAD / AND WHEN I SENT
YOU MEN OUT LOOKIN'
FOR THE HAT, YOU RE-
PORTED YOU SAW THIS
SAMATHA JONES PICK IT
UP AND CLAP IT ON HER
OWN BONY HEAD /



SO TODAY I SENT YOU
OUT TO GET IT FROM HER /
JUST ONE LONE FEMALE...
AND YOU CAME BACK
EMPTY-HANDED / BAH / I
SEE WHERE I'LL HAVE TO
GO WITH YOU THIS TIME---
NOW MOUNT UP / FAST!

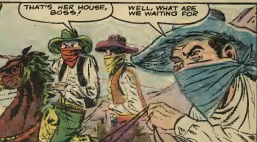


AFTER A HARD RIDE



THAT'S HER HOUSE,
BOSS!

WELL, WHAT ARE
WE WAITING FOR



JUST STAY QUIET, MA'AM--
AND YOU WON'T GET
HURT!

THERE IT
IS, BOSS!

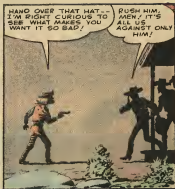
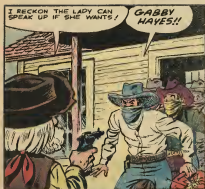


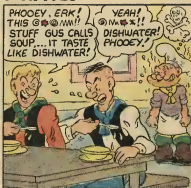
STOP! WHERE ARE
YOU TAKING MY
BEAUTIFUL HAT?

I TOLD YOU TO
STAY QUIET, MA'AM!



GABBY HAYES





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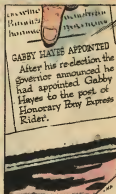
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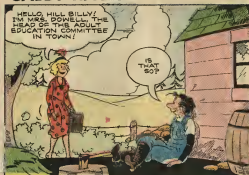
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CORRECT ANSWER!



Meet Sheriff Mac Monrego in "Avenging Arrows"

Peter Lowery was a happy cowboy as he rode his black stallion slowly along the road to Newton City. He had carefully saved part of his wages each month to buy a new russet stock saddle. Everybody knew that Padgitt Brothers, down in Dallas, Texas, were the best saddle makers. There was a slight noise but it never reached his ears. An arrow hit him he tumbled off his horse. He was dragged for a few feet. Then the horse turned and the foot was released. The puzzled animal looked at the man on the ground. Quickly the stallion dashed along the road to Newton City.

"The West is growin' up mighty fast," complained a stout middle-aged man who wore on his open vest a deputy sheriff's badge. "In a few more years no more open range. Then what are the cattle men goin' to do? Fight each other?"

His words went into the right ear of his boss, Sheriff Mac Monrego. The famous sheriff of the West was strikingly handsome. Six feet two inches in his socks, weighing about 182 pounds, broad shouldered, slim hiped, muscularly powerful, fast as the proverbial cat, he could be relaxed and tense at the same time. His flaming red hair contrasted with his somewhat dark skin. For through his veins ran the blood of two proud families. The Monrego family had been famous in Castile for centuries. And the O'Rourke's had been equally well known in Ireland. Bridgett O'Rourke had fallen in love with Don Sebastian Monrego, who had made a business trip to Ireland. With the blessings of both families they had been married and then migrated to the New World. Their only offspring was known as the most fearless law officer on this side of the Rio Grande.

The sheriff was about to reply to his deputy when the door to his office opened suddenly.

"Riderless horse just came into town," said Mike Burrows. "And I'm a bettin' that horse belongs to Peter Lowery. Something must have

happened to him. Some blood on the side of the saddle."

Within five minutes, the sheriff, his deputy and a half dozen volunteers were in the saddle. The horse seemed to sense just what they wanted and turned around. The men followed the horse until the animal stopped. They dismounted and found the lifeless cowboy.

"The Injuns are a-lookin' for trouble," snarled Mike Burrows. "Must have robbed him."

The body was placed on the animal and the group headed back to town.

"Why not go straight out to the Bar-X ranch where he worked?" suggested one of the men. "His boss, Ben Binder, should know of this outrage."

"Ev," ordered the sheriff to his deputy, "you take Lowery to Doc Hilladay. I want that arrow. I'll look around here myself and see what clues I can find."

So the deputy, Ev Kimball, went back to town with the boys and the late cowboy. Sheriff Mac Monrego dismounted and examined the ground carefully. His keen eyes saw the imprint of two moccasins. Then he found the imprints of a horse that told him it must be an Indian mount. For the braves of Chief Long Feather's tribe did not have horseshoes on their ponies. They tied each hoof with a strip of buffalo. Satisfied with what he had learned he rode back slowly to Newton City. He wanted time to think alone about this tragedy.

"There's the arrow," remarked Doc Hilladay. "Know what this means, sheriff? The folks around here will want to go on the war path and teach the redskins a lesson. Run them right off their lands. It means a lot of trouble."

The sheriff left the doctor's office and returned to his own place. There he was greeted roughly by Ben Binder.

"Those blasted redskins got one of my best riders. What are you going to do about it? If they get away with this, not one of us will be safe. We can run them right off their grounds. Just say the word and my boys are at your command."

"All that we have at present is merely the fact that an arrow killed Peter Lowery," replied the sheriff. "We have to get the man who shot that arrow."

"If you got eyes in your head you would have searched the spot where it happened," snapped back the owner of the Bar-X ranch. "Sure, there must have been some clues left behind."

Sheriff Mac Monreago thought quickly as he was about to answer. It might be best to tell exactly what he found.

"I found two clues. Moccasin prints and the fact that an Indian pony was used. I am going out to see Chief Long Feather and hear what he has to say."

"That lyn' redskin will deny everything. But I know he won't fool you," conceded Ben Binder.

It was late at night when the sheriff rode into the Indian camp. Several fires were still burning. An Indian brave took his mount and the law officer was escorted to the tepee of the chief.

"Welcome, my friend," greeted a thin old man. "Many moons have passed since my eyes saw you. It must have been important for you to come at this hour."

Sheriff Mac Monreago handed the chief an arrow. He quickly explained what had happened.

"The arrow is one used by my braves. But why should we want to kill any man? Are we not dependent upon you for protection and for food when the winter becomes too cold? The buffalo hunts have not produced much in the past three years. Either the arrow was lost or stolen. I shall assemble my braves and tell them what happened."

The drums were beaten and soon all the Indians came to hear what their beloved and respected chief had to say. They were frightened, for the implication of what might follow was clear.

"I am going to ride back to town tonight," said the sheriff. "I have a feeling somebody else will be attacked. And I think I know the reason. Definitely to put the blame on you and force you and your people off your land."

For the next week things were peaceful and then late on a Friday afternoon another riderless horse came into town. The sheriff and a group of volunteers went out again. This time

they found the lifeless body of Mike Burrows. And another arrow! The temper of the men was bitter and without a word they rode in all directions. The sheriff knew what they were planning to do. Get their friends together and drive the Indians off their land.

In the morning the town of Newton City was full of armed cowboys, miners, and even some of the new settlers.

"There comes a time in the West," shouted Ben Binder, "when we got to be our own vigilante group. Either you are with us or against us, sheriff."

The answer came as a complete surprise to the owner of the Bar-X ranch.

"I want justice more than anyone here. For I have taken an oath to enforce the law. And that I will do. I will ride with you to the Indian village. But before you do any shooting, I want to do some talking."

The sullen group of men rode behind the sheriff. They would have much preferred that he remain behind. Then with rifle and six-shooter they could have finished every redskin. Now it might be different. When they came to the village not an Indian was to be seen.

"The cowards are inside their tepees," shouted Ben Binder. "Let's give them a lesson they'll never forget. They got two of our men. Now we'll get 'em all."

Suddenly a bugle sounded. The flaps of the tepees were thrust aside and a group of soldiers under the command of Captain Henry J. Thorn assembled before the astonished eyes of the mounted men. The army officer went over to Ben Binder.

"You are under arrest for the murder of two men and for illegally invading an Indian reservation."

"He's crazy, sheriff," protested Ben Binder. "Explain things for him."

"That I did," was the unexpected answer. "You stole arrows but the wrong ones. The shape of an iron head indicates its use. Hunting arrows have long, tapering blades. The war arrow has a short, sharp blade, like a lancet. No Indian would attack a man with a hunting arrow, but only with a war arrow. Mistake number one. You wore moccasins but the Indian toes inward, and you toed outward. You were seen by a group of braves during the second ambush. Why? Because you found out there was cool on the land and wanted it for yourself. My reliable deputy went for the soldiers. Anything to say?"

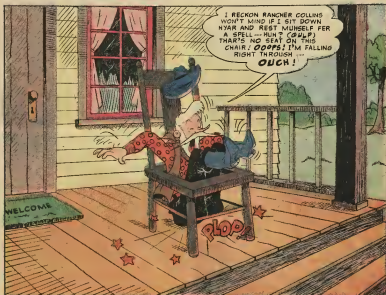
And what can a man who knows he is doomed say?

THE END

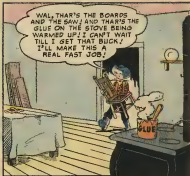
GABBY HAYES

Whitey Whiskers

"STICKS TO A JOB"



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

ONCE AGAIN WHITEY WHISKERS DOESN'T BOTHER MEASURING AND JUST DEPENDS ON HIS EYES.....

(GULP) THIS PIECE IS MUCH TOO BIG!



SHUCKS, I RECKON I'LL HAVE TUN MEASURE THE RIGHT SIZE AFTER ALL! IT'S SHORE A GOOD THING THAR WUZ A FEW BOARDS AROUND!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.....

JEST RIGHT---AT LAST! I RECKON I WOULD HAVE SAVED TIME IF I HAD MEASURED IT AT THE START!



I OPINE THE GLUE'S BEEN HEATING LONG ENOUGH! IT SHOULD BE LOOSE ENOUGH BY NOW!



IT'S PERFECT! AND LOOK AT THIS NICE NEW BRUSH! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TUN USE IT!



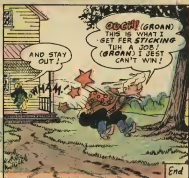
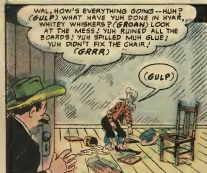
OUCH! THIS IS HOT! MEBBE I SHOULD BRING THE CHAIR AND BOARD OVER HYAR INSTEAD OF CARRYING THE GLUE OVER THAR! AW, I'M TOO LAZY TUN GO BACK NOW!



OOOPS, I'M STEPPING ON SOMETHING!(GULP) I'M LOSING MY BALANCE! I'M FALLING! HELP!



GABBY HAYES



End

GABBY HAYES LONGHORN LEGENDS

The EVOLUTION of the COWBOY HAT

EACH AND EVERY PART
OF THE COWBOY'S TOGS
(CLOTHES) CAME INTO BEING
FOR HIS OWN INDIVIDUAL USE—
THEY WERE MODELED THROUGH
YEARS OF TRIAL AND ERROR!

WHILE STYLES AND TYPES
FOR DIFFERENT PARTS OF
THE PLAINS VARIED, STILL
THE SAME GENERAL SCHEME
EVENTUALLY APPEARED,
PROVEN BY ITS PRACTICAL
USE, COMFORT AND
SIMPLICITY.

by "GABBY"

COME GIT IT—
'FORE I THROW
IT OUT!



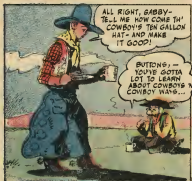
COME ON, GABBY—I'LL
RACE YOU TO TH'—
OH-OH! THERE GOES
MY HAT!

REMIND ME SOMETIME TO TELL YOU
HOW TH' COWBOY GOT HIS
TEN GALLON HAT!



ALL RIGHT, GABBY—
TELL ME HOW COME TH'
COWBOY'S TEN GALLON
HAT— AND MAKE
IT GOOD!

BUTTONS, —
YOU'VE GOTTA
LOT TO LEARN
ABOUT COWBOYS &
COWBOY WAYS...



...BUT, I PROMISED YOUR
PAW I'D LEARN YOU—
SO HERE GOES...



GABBY HAYES

"BACK IN TH' GOOD OLD DAYS, THIS WAS MANIS COUNTRY - CHUCK FULL TO OVERFLOWIN' WITH BUFFALO, LONGHORN CATTLE, INJUNS, AND GUN TOTIN' HE MEN -- LIKE I YAM,...



"THEM OLD TIME HOMEBRES COME 'FROM ALL PARTS OF WHAT WAS THEN TH' UNITED STATES-- YEH-- AND FROM FURRIN' PARTS AS WELL. THEY WOULD COME AS FER AS SAINT LOUIS BY TRAIN, OR BOAT. SAINT LOUIS BEIN' TH' JUMPIN' OFF PLACE, YOU MIGHT SAY!



"SOME OF 'EM LOOKIN' BACK OVER THUR SHOULDERS - A RUNNIN' AWAY FROM TH' LAW! SOME JES' KIDS LIKE YOU, SEEKIN ADVENTURE! I WAS ONE OF THEM KIDS - (CHUCKLE)

"SOME WEARIN' CITY CLOTHES - SOME WEARIN' JES' PLAIN HOME GPUN. BUT, ALL HATS WUZ MADE FROM BEAVER FUR - ONLY THING A HAT COULD BE MADE OF AT THAT TIME - SHORE WAS TH' DAY FER BEAVER TRAPPERS AND BUFFALO HUNTERS.



"BUT, AFTER A FEW DAYS OF BREAKIN' A BRONK, CHASIN' BUFFALO, OR JES' RIDIN' TH' BUSH-- THEM HIGH-WATER BEAVER HATS SHORE DID PERISH.

"TH' BROAD RIM FLAT CROWNS THEY WUZ WORN BY COUNTRY BOYS - THEY STOOD UP TO TH' WEAR AND TEAR RIGHT WELL--CONSIDERIN'! WE CALLED THEM 'TH' FORTY NINERS' 'EZ MOST OV THEM WUZ WORN BY FELLERS WHAT WENT IN FER MININ' AN' SECH.



GABBY HAYES

"ABOUT THET TIME, EZ I RECOLLECT IT, A CITY FELLER - A HAT MAKER BY PER-FESHUN - COME OUT TO SEE TH' WILD WEST: WELL, SIR, RIGHT AWAY HE SEED WE NEEDED A SPESHUL HAT -



"HE DIDN'T STAY WITH US LONG - WENT RIGHT BACK TO TH' CITY AND IN NO TIME HE WUZ BACK WITH A NEW KINDA HAT! WE NAMED IT TH' 'MOSSMAN'S HAT' - IT HAD A NARROW STIFF BRIM WITH A LOW CROWN - KINDA DRESSY -



"TH' BOYS DIDN'T JES ZACTLY TAKE TO THIS HAT! IT DIDN'T KEEP TH' SUN OUTA TH' EYES, AND THAT STIFF BRIM WUZ ON-COMFORTABLE! AS FER TH' CROWN - WELL, IT WUZ WUTHLESS - WOULDN'T HOLD A SPOONFUL O' WATER! -



"SO THET HAT MAN TRIED AGIN! THIS TIME HE SHOWED UP WITH A WIDE BRIM AND TH' CROWN HIGHER -- AND IT WUZ MADE OUTA SOME KINDA STUFF HE CALLED FELT. IT WUZ ALL HUNKY - DORY WHEN NEW - BUT AFTER WEARIN' IT A WHILE, IT GOT SO FLOPPY IT WUZN'T PRACTICAL -



"VEZZIE, THET HAT LACKED SOMETHIN'! THEN, ONE DAY THET HAT MAN SEED ONE O' TH' BOYS HAD STRINGS TIED TO TH' BRIM AND RUN UP OVER TH' CROWN -- THIS HELD TH' BRIM UP! ALSO, HE SEEN ANOTHER COW-BOY WATERIN' HIS MOSS OUTA HIS HAT! -



"SAYIN' 'I GOT IT NOW!' THET HAT MAN RUSHED BACK TO TH' CITY AND IN A FEW WEEKS HE RETURNED - WITH A WIDE ROLLED RIM THAT DIDN'T FLOP, AND A HIGH CROWN! A HAT THAT LOOKED LIKE A CROSS 'TWEEN A MEXICAN GOMBRERO AND A UMBRELLA - WELL SIR I THOT TH' BOYS WOULD BE LAFFIN' AT IT - GOSH, BUT IT WUZ A WHOPPER! -



GABBY HAYES

"BUT, JES-MY-CATS-IFN TH' BOYS DIDN'T TAKE TO THET NEW HAT LIKE A DUCK TAKES TO WATER- THEY JES STAMPED TH' MAIL ORDER HOUSE FOR THEM SOM-BER-REROS:-



..OR COULD WATER OUR HOSSES-OR USE IT FER TO DRINK OUT OF OURSELVES!



"YEZZIE, WHEN WE WUZ DRESSED UP IN ONE OF THEM TEN GALLON HATS, FANCY BOOTS, RIDIN' A FORTY DOLLAR SADDLE ON A SIX DOLLAR BRONK, WE WUZ SHORE CUTTIN' KEEN.



"WE NAMED IT 'TH' TEN GALLON STETZ'! YEZZIE, THET HAT WUZ JES WHAT WE WANTED- WE COULD USE IT FER A WASH PAN.



"IT WUZ A ALL ROUND WEATHER HAT--IN TH' SUMMER, TH' HIGH CROWN PERFECTED OUR HAIDS FROM TH' HEAT - AND TH' WIDE RIM PERFECTED US FROM TH' GLARE OF TH' SUN! ALSO, IT KEP US DRY FROM TH' RAIN--AND IN TH' WINTER WE TIED OUR HANDKERCHIEFS 'ROUND TH' TOP--IT MADE A GOOD CAP!



"BUT, THEM NEW SOM-BER-REROS MADE OF FELT SHORE BROUGHT ON A LOT O' FUEDIN'! YOU SEE, BY USIN' FELT INSTEAD OF BEAVER-FUR- BEAVER FELTS WUZN'T WUTH A PLUGGED NICKEL! TH' TRAPPERS GOT ON TH' PROD EVERY TIME THEY BEEN ONE OF THEM TEN GALLON FELT HATS--AN DOGGONE IFN THEY WOULDN'T UP AND SHOOT 'EM FULL OF HOLES!



GABBY HAYES

"NATCHALLY, THIS SHOOTIN' OUR HATE FULLA HOLES MADE US COWBOYS SORE -- WE WENT IN FOR SOME REAL SERIOUS FUEGIN' - LEAD SHORE WUZ FLIN' ROUND PERMICKIS!



"THET EPYSODE MADE ME SO MAD I WENT OUT HUNTIN' FER ONE OF THEM SIDOWPIPE TOTIN' HOMBRES - I FOUND ONE! AN' I SHURE DID ME A JOB ON THAT FELLERS WAR BONNET! BUT - IMAGINE MY NORTIFICATION WHEN I FOUND OUT HE WUZ A SKY - PILOT.



"SOME OV TH' BOYS DRIFTED SOUTH TO TH' BORDER, AND WHEN THEY CAME'D BACK, THEY WORE TH' CROWN OF THUR HATS PEAKED OR POINTED AT TH' TOP - AN' THEY WUZ KINDA UPPITY ON ACCOUNT THEY HAD DONE SOME TRAVEL -LIN! WE CALLED THAT " CUTTIN TH' REO " - MEANIN' THEY HAD BEEN DOWN MEXICO WAY!



"WHY, I REMEMBER ONE TIME I HAD MY HAT WARTLEO DOWN TO MY CHIN - IT WAS REAL EMBARRESSIN' - - - -



"WELL, THET PUT A STOP TO OUR FUEGIN'! SHOOTIN' UP A HOMBRES HAT WHICH AINT TOON NO SIX-GUN - LET ALONE HIM BEIN' A SKY-PILOT! JES WUZNT WESTERN ETHET - BUT THE EMBARRASSIN' WAS A GOOD SPORT, EN' HE SHOWD US HOW WE COULD STOP LEAD SLINGIN' BY CHANGIN' TH' STYLE OF OUR HATS SO'S IT WOULDN'T BE SO TAMPIN'! WE CALLED IT TH' "MONTANA CRUSH".



"WHICH I CRAVED TO DO - AFTER HEARIN' THUR TALES 'BOUT TH' MEXICAN GEE - NOR - EATYS, SUNSHINE, AN' GITTAR PLAYIN' GAY - CAD - A - LEROB".



GABBY HAYES

BUT I RECKON ABOUT TH' BEST USE WE MACE OF THEM TEN GALLON SUN-BE-RREROS



"WE'D BOTTLE THEIR PIZEN UP REAL FANCY LIKE, AN' SAID IT."



TO RID TH' RANGE OF COOKS AN' DUBS!



"... WUZ CAPTURIN' RATTLE SNAKES ALIVE -- YESSIE, IN THEM DAYS THET WUZ A ART!"



WHAT FOR DID YOU USE THAT POISON?

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!



- AW SHUX, BUTTONS - DON'T FRIEN NO NEVER MIND TO THAT BOW-LEGGD OLD GABBY! I RODE WITH HIM A GOOD MANY YEARS - UNTIL A BRONK CLAWED ME UP! BUT I RECKON HE'S A GOOD HONORE TO TIB TO.



THE END

GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

in Frantie Feet

SHERIFF SLIM DAGGLE stops by the BAR NOTHING RANCH one morning to find Gabby Hayes oddly occupied...



GABBY HAYES

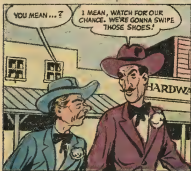
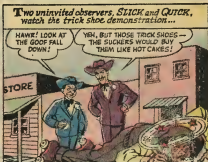
In town, Gabby meets the shoe tycoons...



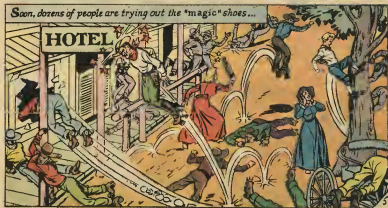
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GABBY HAYES

Gabby finally gets his own shoes under control long enough to take them off and returns...



Dejected, the inventor decides to get rid of his last remaining trick shoes...



Meanwhile...



GABBY HAYES

The crooks learn how to maneuver the "magic" shoes, which help them to outrun the law!



THE SHERIFF'S SO FAR BEHIND HE'S NEARLY OUT OF SIGHT!

YEH, NOBODY CAN CATCH US NOW!



The con men are kayoed, but Gabby has a hard head!



GABBY! YUH CAUGHT SLICK AND QUICK, THE CON MEN! YUH'LL GIT THE \$1000 REWARD!

YIPPEE! \$1000! NOW I WON'T HAVE TO DO ANY MORE INVENTING!



GIVE ME ALL YORE MONEY! PRONTO!

I CAN'T-- I HAVEN'T ANY!



THEN GIVE ME YORE WATCH!

I WOULD---



...BUT I CAN'T SPARE THE TIME! GOODBYE!

MUH-- OOPS!



GABBY HAYES

HILL Billy

FOR SHAME!

DOGGONS IT, I'M GETTING POWERFUL ANGRY! IT'S OVER A MONTH SINCE HOPKINS BOUGHT MUH HOSS, BUT HE HASN'T PAID FER IT YET!



I'M NOT GOING TUH WAIT ANY LONGER! HE OUGHT TUH BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF FER NOT HAVING PAID UP YET! I'M GOING OVER AND GIT THE MONEY!



HUH? THAT'S HOPKINS COMING HYAR NOW WITH THE HOSS I SOLD HIM!



LISTEN HYAR, HILL BILLY, I'M NOT AT ALL SATISFIED WITH THIS HYAR ANIMAL!



(GASP) HE SHORE HAS NERVE! HE STILL OWES ME FER THE HOSS AND HE ISN'T SATISFIED!



WHY, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH HIM?

HE WON'T HOLD UP HIS HEAD!



NATURALLY HE WON'T! THAT'S HIS PRIDE! JEST YUH WAIT TILL HE'S PAID FER! HE WON'T BE ASHAMED TUH HOLD UP HIS HEAD THEN!

